

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

Napoleon, and other Poems. By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. 256. London, 1822.

THERE are few poets of the present day whose muse is more congenial to our taste than that of Bernard Barton, of whose previous productions we have twice recorded our opinion. It is true that Mr. Barton does not possess the grandeur of Byron, the richness of Moore, nor the felicitous invention of Walter Scott; but he possesses, and that in no ordinary degree, those essential requisites for a true poet,—genius, originality, and good taste; and there is a simple pathos in some of his poems, which makes the way to the heart more readily and with greater effect than many of the effusions of the distinguished poets we have named.

The principal poem in the volume before us is entitled *Napoleon*; and this, we have no doubt, will excite remarks from those critics who have sneered at what they term ‘Quaker Poetry.’ Mr. Barton, however, has not, in his poem, done any thing derogatory to those pacific principles which form so prominent and so amiable a principle of that society of which he is such a distinguished ornament. Lest any should observe a disparity between the title and the subject, Mr. Barton states, in his preface, as an apology, the simple fact that the death of Napoleon actually gave rise to the reflections contained in the poem, and its design is less ‘to adorn a tale’ than ‘to point a moral,’ which the chequered life of this extraordinary man had strikingly suggested; and he declares his sentiments, that all war, under the Christian dispensation, is unlawful.

The poem, which consists of nearly a hundred and twenty stanzas, possesses much poetical vigour, beauty, and correct sentiment: Mr. Barton estimates the character of Napoleon with the feelings of a Christian, to whom the hero cannot appear a very attractive character, and with the reflection of a philosopher, who, tracing events

to their causes, is less astonished at distinguished success attending a man of daring enterprise than the million generally are. He says:—

‘—Napoleon was not famed alone
For feats of arms, or for that magic skill
By which he made his hardy followers prone
To obey his edicts and effect his will.
In science as in war, his name may fill
No common niche; though in the first he
might
Be no profound adept, he wielded still
What he had won with that consummate
sleight,
Which best might lure their praise—who in her
power delight.

‘Can we, then, marvel that a man like this
Should win the idle plaudits of the crowd,
Who reason little, and oft judge amiss,
In praise now lavish, now in censure loud?
Nor wondrous is it that some minds, endow’d
With powers that should not have been so
misled,
Forgot themselves; and to a splendour bow’d
Which was not truly glorious, though it shed
A brilliant lustre round the conqueror’s crowned
head.

‘Reverse we now the picture; we shall find,
Or I mistake much, no less ample cause,
At the abuse and obloquy assign’d
Unto his name, at least awhile to pause,
And doubt the portraiture which passion draws:
The opposite of wrong, at times, may be
Not wholly right; and truth and candour’s
laws

Alike demand our judgment should be free—
Free from bigoted applause or baser calumny.
‘He who has rear’d his throne “upon the neck
Of Fortune proud,” and who, in doing so,
Has made of human welfare wanton wreck;
Proving himself unmindful of the woe
Of countless millions, must not hope to go
Unscarr’d and scatheless from the field of
strife:

Power and injustice, by example, show
To basest natures, with resentment rife,
Some way to be revenged; and this, to such, is
life!

‘The conqueror, therefore, must expect the
meed

Of his own lawlessness: that is, he must
Not only bear the righteous doom decreed,
The condemnation of the good and just;
But even the renown he made his trust,
For which he barter’d honourable fame,
Will be denied him. Round the marble bust,
The graven tablet or the portrait’s frame,
A legend will be traced that charity must
blame.

‘Not only will his real actions be
Grossly misconstrued, foully vilified;
But even darker deeds, perhaps, than he,
In his most wanton lust of power or pride,
Ever contemplated, will be supplied

By fraud or falsehood; till the portraiture
Be one from which his shade would turn aside,
Humbled to think how little to allure
Posterity is left; how much for pride to endure.

‘He has no right to murmur; for he set
Himself the example others have pursued;
By violating rights, without regret,
Which would with strictest reverence have
been view’d:

But not less watchfully to be eschew’d,
By genuine charity, this foul disgrace,
Than usurpation’s wrongs: a mind endued
With generous feelings rather would efface
A blot unjustly thrown, than such with plea-
sure trace.

‘These will not echo each opprobrious name
Which party spirit chooses to apply;
Nor give prompt credence to each tale that fame
May trumpet forth, unmasking “how” or
“why:”

Knowing how readily a specious lie
May even genuine worth calumniate;
And that the man, on whom the public eye
Is ever fix’d, in honour or in hate,
Must pay the forfeit due unto such high estate.

‘But is there then no medium? or, because
Napoleon’s name alternately has been
A theme for indiscriminate applause
And fiercest censure, must we blindly lean
To either? Truth is, surely, found between.
And he who has not mingled in debate
With those who loudest talk when least they
mean,
May, without erring widely, estimate
Napoleon’s lasting claim to be consider’d
GREAT.’

The poet next shews the fallacy and
weakness of all human greatness; and
proves that the only honour is in true
religion, the only greatness in being a
follower of him who is the PRINCE OF
PEACE. He says:—

‘What is Napoleon now—admitting all
His former talents, enterprise, and power?
The time has been, nor distant, when the thrall
Of his portentous name made monarchs
cower,
And tremble in the proudest palace-tower:
Fate seem’d his fiat, fortune as his guide;
And empire, held by suff’rance, was the dower
Which, when he took unto himself a bride,
He spared an elder throne, with cool contemptuous pride.

‘What is he now? Ten years ago, his death
Had spread through Europe with a voice of
thunder;
Fame’s trump had blazon’d with her loudest
breath
The tale; and many a captive, groaning
under
The conqueror’s yoke, had snapt his chains
asunder.

Stupid indifference now supplies the place,
In many minds, of that mute vacant wonder

They then had known, what time they paus'd
a space,
Before they deem'd him dead, with solemn
doubtful face.

' He dies upon a surf-surrounded rock !
Far from each court, and every courtly ring ;
Far from the fields where once, in battle's
shock,

Death stalk'd around him, a familiar thing :
His "eagle" long before had furl'd his wing ;
His "star of honour" set, to rise no more !
Nor could a hope remain that time might bring

Glory to either spell, as heretofore ;
Therefore to him the life of life itself was o'er.
' And we, who of his death the tidings hear,
Receive them as a tale of times gone by,

Which wakes nor joy, nor grief, nor hope, nor
fear :

And if, in nobler hearts, a passing sigh
For such a lot reflection may supply,
Few follow up that feeling to its source :
The multitude, with undiscerning eye,
See all around pursue its usual course,
And care not for his death, nor thoughts it
should enforce.'

* * * * *

' Nor unto kings alone should such a fall
As thine, Napoleon ! timely warning teach ;
Though such a striking case may loudly call,
Like Wisdom in the streets, to all and each;
Preaching, as facts alone have power to preach,
Unwelcome truths. The people too, should
learn

Instruction, when thus plac'd within the reach
Of even humblest intellect ; nor spurn
The lesson it proclaims unto themselves in turn.
' War is a game, which, were their subjects
wise,

Kings would not play at." Not on kings,
alone,
Should rest the censure therefore. Truth sup-
plies,

Conscience admits, when candour cause has
shown,

Many apologies for monarchs prone
To this delusive dangerous foolishness :
They have, like others, passions of their own ;
Little they risk,—and feel, and suffer less,
And see not what they cause of vice and deep
distress.

' War is a game, which, were their subjects
wise,

Kings would not play at." Suffer me, again,
Reader ! to quote a poet whom I prize ;
Nor fancy such a repetition vain.
Of pride in kings 'tis folly to complain,
And fling the blame of war upon their will,
If those who see its evil, feel its pain,
Instead of striving all they can to kill
This baneful Upas tree, admire its grandeur
still.

' So long as kings have subjects who believe
That war is glorious, peace is insecure !
So long as poets victory's garlands weave,
Or hist'ry's praise to martial fame allure,
Or wealth be won by violence impure,

Or, worst of all, the pulpit shall proclaim
That war is guiltless : elements endure
To foster deeds, which, spite of worldly fame,
Crucify Christ afresh ; put him to open shame.

' War is a game, which, were their subjects
wise,

Kings' COULD "not play at," Reader,
mark that word !

And having done so with impartial eyes,
By sophistry and interest undeter'd,
Inquire how far thy folly has concurred
in any way to administer fresh force

Unto this deadly evil. Hast thou stirr'd
One finger to avert its fearful course ?
Hast thou e'er thought aright upon its hidden
source ?

' " What ! would you then deny a sov'reign's
right,
Or cripple the resources of the state ?"
I would do neither ; in the Christian's sight
A patriot's duties all will concentrate
To one bright centre ! I hold no debate
On Cæsar's dues as paid to Cæsar's throne :
He who imagines I would desecrate
What good men name with deferential tone,
But vilifies my aim : nor libels me alone ;
He does a gross injustice to the cause

Of THRONE and ALTAR, which fears no ap-
peal

Unto those peaceable and righteous laws
The Prince of Peace descended to reveal,—
His life their comment, and his death their
seal !

And in their spirit, only, I would win
Those who most deeply their importance feel
To trace the progress of this deadly sin
From its polluted source, where all its woes
begin.

The moral to be learnt from the
fate of Napoleon is applied with great
force, and bespeaks Mr. Barton at
once a poet and a Christian.

The minor pieces are, some of them,
of exquisite beauty. There is one in
which the season of man's life is com-
pared to the twelve months of the year,
which possesses great merit and origi-
nality ; but it is too long for us to ex-
tract ; we, therefore, prefer quoting
two shorter pieces, 'The Grave' and
'Lines to a Friend on his Departure
for Rome' :—

' THE GRAVE.

I love to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew-tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour ;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful scene ;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there,
As on the loveliest flowers ;
Nor does the moon-light seem more fair
On Beauty's sweetest bowers.

" Ay ! but within—within there sleeps
One, o'er whose mouldring clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."

And what of that ? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

Once more upon my musing strain
A voice appears to break ;—
" But if he sleep to rise again !
Should that no awe awake ?"

' And yet, perhaps, the voice that now
Thus breaks on fancy's ear,
When life was thron'd upon that brow
Spake not one word of fear.

' But now, when fear and hope are things
Which can do naught to save ;
Each starts to life, and vainly clings
Around the silent grave.

' 'Tis strange ! we know we live—to die !
And die—again to live !
Yet, while these truths might good supply,
We slight what they would give.

' But, were we wise, our serious thought
Beside the spot we fear,
Might make it one with blessings fraught,
To hallow'd feelings dear.

' To have it such, we must not view
That spot with slavish dread ;
Nor paint in fancy's darkest hue
The chambers of the dead.

' A grave-yard is a school to teach
The living how to live,
And has a silent power to preach,
Which pulpits cannot give.

' But its most eloquent appeal
Is not to FEAR alone ;
To hearts that deeply justly feel,
It has a gentler tone.

' A tone too gentle far to break
On ears that hearken not !
But known to hearts that only ache
To share that quiet spot.

' To such it says, "with patience bear
Your load of life awhile ;
With meek submission shun despair,
And view me with a smile.

' " If friends desert, if foes oppress,
But brief their power can be ;
Look unto HIM, whose love can bless,
Triumphant over me.

' " To those by Him redeem'd, my bed
Is softer far than down ;
Here you may rest the aching head,
Nor heed each worldly frown.

' " Enfolded in my calm embrace,
The heart can heave no sigh ;
The mournful glance no longer trace
' Unkindness' alter'd eye ?'

' " No more upon the wounded ear
Reproach or taunt can fall ;
Nor accents cold, from friends once dear,
The keenest pang of all !

' " No longer tutor'd lips must feign
The smile more sad than tears ;
Her cheeks are pale, but not with pain,
Hearts cold, but not with fears.

' " To them who die in peace with Heaven,
Its gates of pearl I ope ;
And am, like ACHOR'S VALLEY, given
To be THE DOOR OF HOPE!"'

Though Mr. Barton is, perhaps,
most at home in serious or religious
subjects, yet the following poem will
shew that he is neither deficient in
classical taste nor classical learning :—

' TO A FRIEND.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

Yes, go ! and on those ruins gaze,
Whose silent eloquent appeal
To meditation's eye displays
What spirits ton'd like thine can feel

* * Gray.

Go! stand by Tiber's yellow stream,
 'Mid crumbling columns, domes, and towers:
 Behold past glory's ling'ring gleam,
 And find a still exhaustless theme
 For thought's sublimest powers.

Ascend the lofty Palatine!
 Gaze from its piny summits round:
 And oh! what feelings will be thine
 When treading that immortal ground:
 Each sculptur'd vase, each speaking bust,
 Shrine, temple, palace, tomb, and fane,
 Will plead to thee their earlier trust;
 To genius, greatness, goodness just,
 Nor will they plead in vain.

For thou hast held communion long
 With minds that stamp'd the Augustan age:
 With MARO'S but once ralld song;
 And, matchless still, the SABINE PAGE:
 And thou o'er many a name hast por'd
 That faithful time has ne'er forgot;

As men admir'd, as gods a lor'd;
 And in thy inmost heart deplor'd
 The "ETERNAL CITY's" lot.

Oh! I could envy thee the gush
 Of feeling, and of thought sublime,
 When thou, beneath morn's orient blush,
 Or stillest hour of eve, shalt climb
 O'er ivied ruins once august,
 And now in splendid fragments hurl'd:

Their haunts, who, sepulchred in dust,
 Unknown, except by urn or bust,

Once sway'd a subject world.

"And this"—(Oh friend! I hear thee say,
 As gazing round with proud delight,
 Where reliques glorious in decay
 Shall burst on thy enraptur'd sight)—
 "And this was ROME! and where I tread
 The great, the wise have trod of yore:
 Whose names through every clime are spread;
 Whose minds the world itself have fed
 From their exhaustless store.

"Whose deeds are told by hist'ry's pen,
 Whose works in sculpture, colour, song,
 Still rise magnificent, as when
 Here liv'd and mov'd the exalted throng
 Of painters, sculptors, bards, whose fame
 With time successfully has striven:
 Till he, who would their worth proclaim,
 Shall find the beam that gilds his name
 Is from their glory given."

I feel,—I own thy language just:
 And yet a Briton, standing there,
 If mindful of the sacred trust
 Committed now to ALBION's care,
 E'en while he granted—gave to ROME
 All Rome's just glory could demand;
 With feelings worthy of his home,
 Encircled by free Ocean's foam,
 Must love his native land!

When Art arrays her magic strife
 In hues from young Aurora thrown:
 In wakening forth to all but life
 Each breathless form of Parian stone:
 And e'en in song, whose source and aim
 Demanded but an earthly lyre,
 Unfed by heaven's ethereal flame;
 I grant to Rome all Rome can claim
 Or genius can admire.

Yet I, in British freedom, say,
 That Albion even now has won
 A fame less subject to decay,
 Than græd proud Rome's meridian sun:
 And, IN THAT FREEDOM, she contains
 Of soul, sublimier loftier powers,
 Than e'er enrich'd the Latian plains,
 When monarchs clash'd their captive chains
 Beneath her conquering towers.

And, were I what thou art, I should,
 E'en on the Palatine's proud height,
 Or stretch'd by Tiber's golden flood,
 Or where Soracte gleams in sight,
 Still turn from Rome's majestic ground,
 To Benhall's sweet sequester'd dome,
 Her sylvan glades with beauty crown'd;
 And own, that there my heart had found
 Its fondly cherish'd home.

In closing this volume, we must confess that it gives us a very exalted opinion of the head and heart of the writer; and we think it calculated to raise, and that considerably, the reputation which Mr. Barton has so justly earned.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. (Concluded from p. 211.)

We concluded last week with Mr. Butler's opinion on the forensic eloquence of six distinguished lawyers; this is followed by his opinion of the parliamentary eloquence of the same period. The statesmen he selects as characterising the eloquence of the age, are, Lords Chatham and North, Fox, Pitt, and Burke. We select an extract from his comparison of Pitt and Fox. Speaking of Fox, he says,—

It is difficult to decide on the comparative merit of him and Mr. Pitt; the latter had not the vehement reasoning or augmentative ridicule of Mr. Fox: but he had more splendour, more imagery, and much more method and discretion. In addition, he had the command of bitter contemptuous sarcasm, which stung to madness. It was prettily said by Mr. Gibbon,—“Billy's painted galley will soon sink under Charles's black collier;” —but never did horoscope prove more false;—Mr. Fox said more truly,—“Pitt will do for us, if he does not do for himself.”

Mr. Fox had a captivating earnestness of tone and manner; Mr. Pitt was more dignified than earnest: it was an observation of the reporters, in the gallery, that it required great exertion to follow Mr. Fox while he was speaking, none to remember what he had said: that it was easy and delightful to follow Mr. Pitt, not so easy to recollect what had delighted them. It may be added that, in all Mr. Fox's speeches, even when he was most violent, there was an unquestionable indication of good-humour, which attracted every heart. Where there was such a seeming equipoise of merit, the two last circumstances might be thought to turn the scale: but Mr. Pitt's undeviating circumspection,—sometimes concealed, but sometimes ostentatiously displayed,—tended to obtain for him from the prudent and the grave, a confidence which they denied to his rival:—Besides, Mr. Pitt had no coalition, no India Bill to defend.

Both orators were verbose: Mr. Fox by his repetitions,—Mr. Pitt by his amplifications. Mr. Grattan observed to the

Reminiscent,—that no one heard Mr. Fox to advantage, who did not hear him before the coalition; or Mr. Pitt, who did not hear him, before he quitted office. Each defended himself on these occasions with surprising ability; but each felt he had done something that required defence;—the talent remained, the mouth still spoke aloud, but the swell of soul was no more. The situation of these eminent men at this time, put the Reminiscent in mind of a remark of Bossuet on Fénelon,—“Fénelon,” he said, “has great talents; much greater than mine; it is his misfortune to have brought himself into a situation, in which all his talents are necessary for his defence.”

On two occasions, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox may be thought to have brought into the field, something like an equality of force. When the attack was made on the coalition, Mr. Pitt had the King, Mr. Fox a great majority of the members of the House of Commons, on his side: when the regency was in question, Mr. Pitt had the same majority in the house, Mr. Fox had the heir-apparent:—the tug of war was great; but may it not be said, that, on each occasion, Mr. Fox facilitated by his own imprudence the victory of his adversary. “Give me,” said the cardinal de Retz to a person who had tauntingly observed to him, Cardinal Mazarin's superiority over him,—“Give me the king but for one day, and you'll see which has the real superiority.”—Mr. Fox never had the king with him, even for a day.

Mr. Butler appears to entertain considerable fears from the political enigma of the nineteenth century, the misnamed Holy Alliance;—tyranny he thinks will be its immediate consequences, but he hopes that liberty will sooner or later follow. After a brief review of the polities of Europe for some centuries back, our author notices the French revolution, which entirely changed the face of Europe, less by the new demarcations of territory than by the introduction of new principles and the general exhaustion of Europe which the war occasioned:—

The new principles thus introduced are considered by the advocates for the ancient order of things as destructive of legitimate government, and on all occasions are, on this account, branded by them with the opprobrious appellation of illegitimacy.

In every country of Europe this legitimacy and illegitimacy have their respective advocates. All the sovereigns of Europe, all their ministers, all their dependents, and, generally speaking, all the wise and the moderate, are legitimates; too great a proportion of the middle and lower population favour illegitimacy: a bond of union subsists in every country between the partisans of each, and the governments of Austria and Russia are con-

fessedly the heads of the former:—Thus the European world is again divided: the legitimates have formed what is termed the holy alliance, and the illegitimates are actively employed in raising a contre-confederacy.

‘What is to be the result?—“A man,” to use an expression of Mr. Fox in the admirable opening of the introductory chapter of his history,—“must have great confidence in his own sagacity to predict the consequence of an event at once new and momentous.” Is there not, however, evident reason to fear, that if the holy alliance do not dissolve in its own weakness, the conflict will be terrible?

‘When the negotiations at Lisle seemed to promise peace, a friend of the Reminiscient offered to Mr. Burke his congratulations upon this circumstance, as the probable termination of the revolution.—“The termination of the revolution! to be sure!” exclaimed Mr. Burke: “The revolution over! Why, sir, it is not begun! As yet you have only heard the first music; you’ll see the actors presently; but neither you nor I shall see the close of the drama.”’

A considerable portion of this volume is devoted to a notice of the author’s several works; such parts we shall pass over, and quote from a miscellaneous article on ancient and modern literature:—

‘Every learned reader is aware that history presents several eras, in which the powers of the human mind have been eminently displayed in various branches of knowledge. 1. Among these, may be reckoned the *age of Homer*: his poems are the only memorial of it which have reached us: but it is impossible that they should have been the single instance of genius and taste produced during the period in which that poet lived: 2. The next may, (but with great laxity of chronology), be called the *age of Philip and Alexander*: 3. The *age of Ptolemy Philadelphus*, king of Egypt, follows; it is not often mentioned, but it produced Theocritus, Apollonius Rhodius, many persons eminent in art and science, and one, certainly, of the most important works of antiquity, the Greek version of the Old Testament, usually termed the Septuagint: 4. The *Augustan age* is illustrated by names familiar to every classical reader: 5. The Saracenic period, or the *era of the Omniares*;—“the flourishing ages,” as they are described by Mr. Swinburn, “of Arabian gallantry and magnificence, which rendered the Moors of Spain superior to all their contemporaries, in arts and arms, and made Cordova one of the most splendid cities of the world. Cordova was the centre of politeness, taste, and genius; tilts and tournaments, with other costly shows, were long the darling pastimes of a wealthy happy people: and this was the only kingdom of the west, where geometry, astronomy, and physic were regularly studied and practised.” 6.

The *age of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth*, so admirably illustrated by Mr. Roscoe, in his lives of Lorenzo di Medici and Leo. The Reminiscient has sometimes thought that an interesting history of the revival of literature in this age might be formed, by supposing a literary tour in the plan of “*The Travels of Anacharsis the Younger*.” A young Samaritan, initiated in the classics by some German or Italian, whom war or commerce had carried beyond the Vistula, might make his way into Italy; and, after much wandering, become the commensal of Erasmus at Basle, and remain with him, but with a liberal allowance for casual excursions, until his decease. Then, the traveller might resume his wanderings, visit England and Scotland, and spend his last days with Grotius. Much, of course, he should see, read, and hear; and all he saw, read, or heard, he should communicate to some favoured correspondent, who, after the decease of his friend, should publish his letters with notes. Such a work from a pen of taste, learning, and industry, would be even more interesting than that of Barthelemi, and find its way to every school, every library, and almost every toilette in Europe. How grateful to men of letters would it be to hear that Mr. Hallam was engaged on such a work!

7. The *age of Louis the Fourteenth* is yet the glory of France. With the single exception of music, every art and science, every branch of elegant or profound literature, was then cultivated in France by persons, to whom the public opinion of all Europe has assigned a lofty place in the temple of fame.’

‘It is pleasing to an Englishman to observe, that the *age of British Literature* is of longer duration, and not inferior in splendour to any which have been mentioned. It may be divided into two series of writers; the first may be supposed to have commenced with Spencer, and to have closed with Edmund Burke; the second to have commenced at the decease of that great man, and to embrace the present time. In some branches of taste and science Great Britain has been equalled; in sculpture and painting she has been outdone, by other countries; but what poets have surpassed Milton or Shakspeare; what historians have equalled Hume, Robertson, or Gibbon; what philosophers approximate to Bacon, Newton, or Locke? In whom do we find such an union of political knowledge, philosophy, and eloquence, as in the pages of Burke?’

‘The second series may be said to com-

prise the writers of our own time: several

are eminently respectable; and some will

reach and be read with delight and admira-

tion by the latest posterity.’

In our selections from this interesting volume we have avoided such parts of it as have an immediate reference to the religious opinions or polemical writings of Mr. Butler. These opin-

ions are generally known, and, although it has been observed invidiously of him, that in all his publications, whatever may have been the subject of them, he has always had in view the interest of the Catholic cause;—yet it must be admitted that he has ever been a liberal and temperate advocate, and that his own amiable life would do honour to any religion. Religious feuds have too long been the bane of society, and are now unhappily cherished with unabated asperity; and the world will, perhaps, roll on many centuries before Pope’s admirable lines become orthodox:

‘For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.’

Lives of Eminent Scotsmen. Part VI.

THE Sixth Part of this elegant little work concludes the first series—the Lives of Scottish Poets; and, although we have always entertained a high opinion of the literature and poetic genius of Scotland, yet we never dreamed that such a host of eminent Scotsmen could have been accumulated as the editor of this work has recorded. When we first noticed the Lives of Eminent Scotsmen, we particularly dwelt on the originality of the memoirs, and on the critical acumen and independence of the editor. That opinion has not only been fully confirmed by the subsequent parts, but has been generally acknowledged by our brother-reviewers; and particularly by one gentleman, whose name is a tower of strength—Mr. Thomas Campbell. Of the industry of the editor, the Part now before us furnishes a striking instance; for, in addition to nine distinct and detailed memoirs, there is an appendix of additions to some of the lives in preceding numbers; and a supplement, which contains a brief notice of, we suppose, at least a hundred others, who are either of a minor rank, or who, although distinguished themselves for occasional displays of poetic talent, have possessed it in subordination to some other excellence, by which they have become better known to the world. Exclusive of the supplement, this part contains memoirs of the Earl of Ancram, Lord Maitland, Earl of Haddington, Lord Binning, Michael Bruce, Thomas Blacklock (the blind poet), John Logan, Andrew Macdonald, and James Mercer. In the life of Bruce there is an interesting letter from Burns, which proves that this poet felt none of that petty jealousy of contemporary merit which he often experienced from others. The letter is in answer to one from Presi-

dent Baird, soliciting the patronage and assistance of Burns to a new edition of Bruce's poems, for the benefit of his mother. The bard of Ayr thus replies:—

"Why did you, my dear sir, write to me in such a hesitating style on the business of poor Bruce? Don't I know, and have I not felt, the many ills that poetic flesh is heir to? You shall have your choice of all the unpublished poems I have; and had your letter had my direction, so as to have reached me sooner, (it only came to my hand this moment,) I should have directly put you out of suspense upon the subject. I only ask that some prefatory advertisement in the books, as well as the subscription bills, may bear, that the publication is solely for the benefit of the mother. I would not put it in the power of ignorance to surmise, or malice to insinuate, that I clubbed a share of the merit from mercenary motives. Nor need you give me credit for any remarkable generosity in my part of the business. I have such a host of peccadilloes, failings, follies, and backslidings, (any body but myself would, perhaps, give them a worse appellation,) that by way of some balance, however trifling, in the account, I am fain to do any good that occurs in my very limited power to a fellow creature, just from the selfish purpose of clearing a little the vista of retrospection."

From the Supplement we quote two brief memoirs entire:—

'BOYD, Zachariah, of facetious memory, was the author of a translation of the Bible, in verse, the MS. of which is preserved in the library of the university of Glasgow, to which it was bequeathed, but not, as is generally supposed, on the condition that it should be printed. The few specimens of it which have seen the light are ridiculous enough. "What hypochondriac," to use the words of Samuel Colvil, "would not presently be cured at the reading of such lines as these?"'

"There was a man, called Job,
Dwelt in the land of Uz;

He had a good gift of the gob;

The same case happen us."

Or the following soliloquy of Jonah, while in the whale's belly:—

"What house is this? here's neither coal nor candle,

Where I nothing but guts of fishes handle,
I and my table are both here within,
Where day ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never shine;

The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw,
Buried under mountains, which are high and steep,

Plunged under waters hundred fathoms deep!
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,

For through a window he the light did see;
He sail'd above the highest waves; a wonder,
He and his ark might go and also come:

But I sit still in such a strait'ned room
As is most uncouth; head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother," &c.

'Boyd lived in the reign of Charles I.,

and was minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow. Besides his version of the Bible, he bequeathed to the university the whole of his library, and 20,000l. Scots, in money (about 1,600l. sterling.) He was a zealous supporter of the reformed religion, and published, in his life-time (1643), a book, which he meant should promote its interests, entitled "Crosses, Comforts, Counsels, needful to be considered." He here contends stoutly for cutting off the enemies of the true religion, quoting the great examples of "General Moses and Captain Joab."

'STONE, Jerome, a native of the parish of Scoonie, in Fifeshire, was almost as remarkable an instance as his more celebrated namesake, Edmund Stone, the mathematician, of the power of native genius to raise itself from obscurity. He was at first nothing more than a pedlar boy; he afterwards gave up dealing in trinkets and toys, for the more respectable occupation of an itinerant bookseller: having books, he began to study them; finding some which were in tongues unknown to him, he applied himself to the learning of Hebrew, then of Greek, and lastly of Latin; and, with little or no assistance, became a proficient in all of them. Passing often, in the course of his business, through St. Andrew's, his singular acquisitions came at length to the knowledge of the professors; and, with a liberality which did them honour, they gave him free access to their lectures. He attended the sessions regularly, and studied with such diligence, that, ere three years more, he was distinguished among the students for his proficiency in almost every branch of learning. He now obtained the situation of assistant to the rector of the grammar-school of Dunkeld, and, in three years after, the rectorship itself. As the Gaelic was the prevailing language of the district in which he was thus settled, he resolved to add a knowledge of that to his other attainments; and, when he had done so, was so charmed with the relics of Gaelic poetry which came in his way, that he made translations of many of them into English, which he sent to the Scots' Magazine, where they made their appearance chiefly during the years 1752, 1755, and 1756, and were not a little admired. This was before Macpherson had published any of his dubious versions. Mr. Stone now commenced a work of great labour and ingenuity, entitled "An Enquiry into the Origin of the Nation and Language of the ancient Scots, with conjectures respecting the primitive state of the Celtic and other European Nations," but had only advanced a small way in it, when (1757) a fever put an end to his life, while yet only in the thirtieth year of his age. He left, in manuscript, an allegory, entitled "The Immortality of Authors," which has been published, and often reprinted since his death: "a lasting monument of lively fancy, a sound judgment, and a correct taste."

This Part possesses the usual em-

bellishment of a group of five portraits, admirably engraved.

The Renegade. By the Author of the 'Recluse.'

(Concluded from p. 218)

WHEN the Princess Ezilda had restored to liberty, and aided the flight of Agobar, she returned to the citadel, where her conduct was deemed very mysterious; but the warriors of Segorum did not dare to question her on the motive that had induced her to loosen the chains of the most implacable enemy of France. The most melancholy thoughts overwhelmed her: the heir of the Merovingians, the husband whom she had so much regretted, Clodomir, was not dead; but Clodomir was the Renegade! the King of France was Agobar. The victory of Ezilda roused the spirits of the French, and two hundred thousand combatants came in crowds to range themselves under the banners of the heroine. Meanwhile, the Saracen pursued his conquests along the shores of the Mediterranean. Informed of the powerful armament of Eziida, he marched one of his most redoubtable divisions against Segorum. He had given them orders to exterminate all the rebels, to fire their hamlets and town, to make prisoners, but to respect Ezilda. This princess took the field against the Saracens, attacked the Mussulman cohorts, scattering death and disorder among them, and she triumphed. One half of Agobar's division perished by the swords of the Christian soldiers, and the other became prisoners to Leodat, the Prince of Avernes, who had covered himself with laurels.

When the battle was over, Ezilda went to Alaor, whom she had promised Agobar to release. From him she learnt the story of the Renegade, whose father, Thierri III., his mother, and infant-sister, had all been assassinated. Clodomir, or the Renegade, was then only fifteen years old; he took refuge in a rustic hovel under the name of Astolpho; the murder of the royal family by the artful conspiracy of Geoffroi, Count of Paris, was followed by his usurping the throne, and declaring the race of the Merovingians extinct. Clodomir, brought up as a peasant by an old soldier of the name of Faldis, had no sooner reached manhood than he determined to declare his birth. Charles Martel had reached Paris, conquered Geoffroi, and avenged the crown, which he sought for himself. Clodomir, at the gate of the palace of

his ancestors, sought an audience with the sovereign vassal, but was refused ; he was driven away by the courtiers and insulted by the guards. Charles Martel ordered him to be seized as an impostor. Some old warriors of his father, however, collected around him and proclaimed the true monarch. An engagement ensued ; Clodomir's army was worsted, but he escaped and took refuge at the convent of St. Vandrille. Suspecting that the abbot intended to betray him, he stabbed him to the heart, and escaped from the convent ; he was attended in all these adventures by his foster brother, Turial. They returned to the cottage of Faldis, and found that Anatilda, the sister of Turial and the beloved of Clodomir, had been carried off by Charles Martel. Clodomir and Turial set off to seek her, found her retreat, deceived the guard, and gained admittance to the solitary castle where she was confined. While there, Charles Martel and some of his knights entered ; a battle ensued — two of the knights were killed, when the third, seizing Anatilda, precipitated her into the sea, crying to Clodomir, ‘Monster, you are the cause of her death you shall not enjoy your triumph.’ Fresh combatants entered ; Turial was slain, when Clodomir made his way through their hostile weapons, plunged into the sea, seized hold of Anatilda, and luckily meeting with a kind of raft, the floating evidence of some shipwreck, he placed Anatilda and himself upon it ; a whole night was passed on the ocean, during which Clodomir blasphemed the name of his Creator. Next day a ship approached ; his signal was seen, but Anatilda was no more. The ship was commanded by a Mussulman, who took Clodomir on board. The vessel sailed towards Iberia. Abderaman, then Caliph of Spain, was collecting his fierce Saracens to make war on Charles Martel, who had expelled his predecessor from France. Clodomir agreed to join in the war. They landed on the Spanish shore. Clodomir was introduced to Abderaman, who refused to accept his service unless he renounced his faith, and adopted the turban of the prophet. Clodomir who believed in no religion, satisfied Abderaman as to his thirst for vengeance on Charles Martel, entered the Saracen army, and became the greatest and most successful of its warriors.

Such is a brief outline of the story of Agobar, as related by his friend Alaor to Ezildi, who sighed, wept,

and shuddered by turns while she listened to it. ‘Her heart pleading for the son of Thierri, palliated the crimes of his stormy passionate soul, which excess of misery had driven to distraction.’

Charles Martel, flushed with the successes gained by Ezilda over the Saracens, wished to finish the work that she had begun, and called for her followers to join him in his camp under Leodat. This prince was jealous of Charles Martel, and sought the hand of Ezilda, but she refused. Charles Martel also demanded that Alaor should be given up. Ezilda sent a spirited refusal to this request, and set Alaor at liberty. Ezilda determined to repair to the camp of Charles Martel. She was accompanied by the Old Man of the Black Rock. She was admitted to an audience with Charles Martel, before whom she vindicated herself for liberating Agobar and Alaor. Charles was indignant that she should give the appellation of hero to one whom he called the most impious of miscreants. She announces to Charles that Agobar is no other than Clodomir, and begs of him to restore him to the throne, but he refused; she then threatens that she will proclaim him herself; Charles seemed to be gradually convinced; and at length bade her offer the crown to him. The Princess took her leave; next day she saw Agobar:—

‘ He was without helmet or cuirass : a rich garment, of purple and golden tissue, crossed his defenceless breast. A belt, ornamented with precious stones, encircled his majestic body, and supported his warlike scimitar. A valuable chain was at his side, from which hung a horn of the most pure ivory. The graceful folds of his dress fell round him like the royal tunic of the sovereigns of Propontis. His head was bare ; his thick clustering locks, blown aside by the breeze, discovered his manly and warlike forehead. Leaning on an African sword, and beautiful as the immortal genii sung by the Arabian poets, he seemed, as he appeared from the rock, which was lightened by the bright rays of the sun, a splendid envoy from the Oriental Elysium. He advanced to Ezilda. His look, though sad, was calm, affectionate, and almost caressing ; for the first time, an unaccountable embarrassment confounded the princess’s thoughts. The project which led her, the hope she had entertained, the speech she had prepared, all passed from her memory. Unable to recover her senses, ignorant of what she did, and not knowing what she said, Ezilda held out her trembling hand to the chief of the Saracens.

"Agobar," said she, "it is I."

"What are your wishes?" replied he,

with a trembling voice. "Ezilda, what do you desire of me?"

"He retained and pressed her hand almost involuntarily. He viewed with admiration, mingled with regret, the confiding and innocent beauty who had twice saved his life, and who had restored Alaor to him. Ezilda, the daughter of miracles, heavenly from her charms, still more so from her virtues, appeared to him an angel, unfit to mingle with the rest of mankind. He listened to her accents, as the exile in some foreign land hears the songs of his native country, while his mournful thoughts stray to the past days of his youth.

"Your misfortunes have been revealed to me," continued she; "I am informed of your whole life; the most powerful interests which I can feel upon earth, your happiness and safety, have induced me to take this step, which men may condemn, but which heaven must approve."

She paused, alarmed at the effect which her words had produced in the inexplicable soul of the warrior. A gloomy and wild expression was in his eye. A sardonic smile upon his lip seemed like a mute blasphemy. He dropped the hand of the princess. "My happiness and safety," repeated he, "what does this language mean? The heavens!—what are they to me?"

'He' was passing on.—"Clodomir," cried Ezilda, in a soft and plaintive tone, "if you quit me thus, we shall never meet again. I speak to you, perhaps, for the last time. Will you, then, refuse to listen to her who was your liberator, is even still your friend, and who should have been your wife?"

"My wife!" said the hero: that word disarmed his rage. The Virgin of the Cevennes, with her eye timidly resting on him, seemed an angel of prayer. The contrast which her powerful beauty presented to her suppliant countenance, amazed and subdued his soul. He felt a strange softness. Something greater than admiration, more powerful than love, more engrossing than voluptuousness, seized his enervated senses. He again approached her, he could not comprehend the new impressions which overpowered him, but he abandoned himself to them without resistance, and submitted, as if to his fate. His thick eye-brows were contracted. His sharp and burning eye viewed her with a mixture of tenderness and despair. "My whole life is known to you," said he; "then I must appear a monster! Can you regret Agobar? Elzida, could you still love me?"

"Do you wish it, Clodomir?"

' At this question, uttered in the most tender tone, Agobar turned aside his eyes. For the first time since the death of Anatilda, he felt his heart beat. He would have expressed what he felt, but his lips, accustomed too long to nothing but expressions of rage and blasphemy, had lost the remembrance of tender expressions.

"Yes, Clodomir," pursued Ezilda, "I ought, and I dare to confess, that neither the name nor the sight of a mortal ever disturbed this heart, entirely devoted to God. Thou first, and alone, hast placed an idea of humanity between heaven and me. God, who has power to order me to fly you, has not forbidden my loving you."

The name of the All-powerful had twice escaped her lips, and yet the Renegade had not interrupted her. He had been able to restrain his blasphemy; but, sullen and silent, he could do no more.

"Then I might still love," murmured he, in a low tone, speaking to himself; "she might still be mine." Then, after a long pause, "No," cried he, suddenly, "no—neither I, nor any other. Ezilda, no man is worthy of your love, no man ought to aspire to your hand. Accomplished being! in seeing thee, I shall finish by believing in Heaven; for you are not of earth."

She begged him to accept the offer of Charles Martel:—

"When Clodomir shall have been proclaimed there, that will be the national camp, where the French army will be united; all hatred will be extinguished; all ills will have an end, and the country will be restored to prosperity."

"And I shall betray Spain," said Agobar, greatly agitated.

"You will cease to betray France."

"I shall abandon my standard!"

"No! you will regain your own banner."

He reflected some minutes. His brow was dark and threatening. Alas! the power of evil still held dominion over his thoughts. "No," continued he, with impetuosity, "I will not receive this contemptible crown, which, shamefully offered and cowardly accepted, would be to me but the price of a new treason. I have renounced for ever this odious native land, where my first looks met only with perfidy, assassination, and usurpation. The throne of Lutevia is now but a royal bier. Driven from the palace of my ancestors, I have sworn to be but the engine of extermination for France and Charles Martel. I must perform my vow; and what are diadems to me? I did not take up arms to recover my crown, but to glut my vengeance. The sovereign purple which I desire is the blood-stained robe of carnage; that Gaul may be ravaged, that she may be erased from the list of nations; such are my plans, my hopes, my final resolves. The grave-cloth of the nation shall be my only royal robe."

Ezilda failing in her mission, returned to Segorum—the troops of Agobar and those of Charles Martel engaged in desperate battle; the Saracens triumphed—the Moorish chiefs crowded round the great hero of the day, placed a crown upon the conqueror's head, then prostrated themselves, and cried, 'long live Agobar, our hero'

and king.'—Agobar refused the purple, but the Mussulmans persisted in proclaiming him their monarch.

Ezilda, on her return to Segorum, remained three days in sad reflection. She briefly communicated to Leodat that Clodomir lived, and then took her leave, determined to banish herself, as Charles Martel had proclaimed her guilty of treason and sorcery; the old man of the Black Rock conveyed her to a place of retreat. Jealousy of the successes of Agobar had, at the instigation of a rival chief, induced Abderraman to give orders for his death; but Agobar escaped with Alaor, and was driven from cavern to cavern. Arriving near Angostura, they heard a funeral dirge performing:—

The Renegade sat down upon a small hillock, which was simply surmounted with two sticks, in the form of a cross. Opposite the hero was a grave recently dug, which was, doubtless, awaiting death's new guest. His head sunk, and mournful and silent, the son of Thierri seemed to be sinking under fatigue; but this momentary stupor was rather the prostration of his soul, than the exhaustion of his body.

A young woman issued from the sacred edifice. Her exterior announced comfort, and her appearance was not common. A child ran before her;—she had come to weep and pray at the grave of some one whom she loved. At the sudden sight of the stranger the child recoiled, and uttered a cry. "What are you frightened at," said the young stranger; "one might think that you had seen Agobar."

The Renegade raised his dejected head. A feeling of pride excited his strength. Even to these deserts, the terror of his lofty deeds had rendered his name known. He arose, and approaching the child of the mountains, "I am a bewildered traveller," said he, "pray tell me in what place I am; what is this religious building, and whose funeral is now performing?"

"This is Loragniat," said the young woman, "and is near the castle of Segorum. When the nuns of Amalberge were driven from their monastery by the troops of Agobar, they took shelter in these solitudes, protected by the French troops. They made a convent of this large building, and here daily do they pray to the Supreme Arbiter to deliver Christian Europe from the Mussulmans and from Agobar."

Every word was a poignard, which struck him deeply. The Renegade could not reply. The names of Amalberge and Segorum, and above all, that of Ezilda, rent his heart. These names, so far from raising his anger, subdued him like a spell; but it was a charm of bitterness. Changing the course of his thought, he

only varied his torment. The stranger continued her recital. "One of the nuns of Loragniat died yesterday, and to-day they will commit her remains to the earth. The unfortunate maiden was in the very spring of her life, and never were there a more cruel or a more singular destiny than her's. Almost as fair as the sovereign of these mountains, she was one of the victims of the pitiless Agobar. She was a native of Arabia, and the daughter of a king; her name was Zarela."

"Zarela!" interrupted the prince.

"Her wonderful history," continued the young woman of Loragniat, "is known to all the country." Who would have believed that the unhappy Zarela was infatuated with the monster who commands the Saracens. She had been sold as his slave; not being at that time a Christian, and under the power of the infernal spirits, her heart fell a prey to that impious and delirious passion which has hurried her to the tomb. Repulsed with contempt by the haughty warrior, at whose feet she had thrown herself, and afterwards delivered by the barbarian to the chief of the Janissaries. Zarela was preserved from slavery and disgrace by our celebrated inspired maiden, by our immortal Ezilda."

"Ezilda!" repeated Agobar.

"Even when surrounded by the holy sisters of Amalberge, as well as in the house of the Lord, Zarela could not banish from her mind the fatal image of the Mussulman chief. Heaven, doubtless to punish the errors of her former life, suffered love to consume her by degrees. In vain, after she had been converted, and was a Christian, did she, by day and by night, bathe the marble altars with her tears, and supplicate the All-powerful to efface the impious Renegade from her memory; his image remained in her heart, imprinted in characters of fire, and was the unceasing torture of his victim. At length, Heaven had pity on her, and she died. The beautiful virgin of Arabia, in the latter days of her misery, was a mere spectre. Benevolent as the morning's dew, and pious as her patron saint, she saw death approach like a messenger from heaven. And yet, you may conceive the excess of her passion, the last word her expiring lips uttered, was the name of the odious Agobar."

"Let us depart," cried Agobar, interrupting this torturing recital, and seizing his friend's arm,—"this is the road to Angostura."

At this moment the funeral train of Zarela advanced slowly towards the last resting place. "Leave me!" said the Renegade, repulsing his brother in arms, and then added, in a low and mournful voice—"I would see her remains pass by."

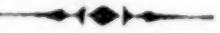
He cast a terrifying glance upon the coffin, and the nuns who followed it. They were the same nuns of Amalberge, before whom his barbarous troop had shrunk back. His memory retraced that

wondrous vision of luminous cloud, of triumphant apotheosis, which Ezilda had presented to him. Then at the height of his power, and glittering in his glory, he held the fate of France in his hands. The wretched Agobar hid his face in the skirt of his cloak; and leaning against the angle of the holy building, he uttered a groan of agony. It was a last adieu to Zarela.'

Agobar was seized by some Mussulmans, who proceeded with him towards the camp. Ezilda finds him, declares to the old man of the Black Rock, that the Renegade is her husband; he is conveyed to a safe retreat in the *Happy Valley*. Agobar was now no longer the haughty Renegade, no longer the man of blasphemy—the gentle nature of Ezilda triumphed over him, and he promised to unite her to himself, and pass the remainder of his days in love and retirement. The virgin of the Cevennes slept in the hope of joy, but awoke in all the bitterness of grief. Alaor, who had repaired to the Saracen camp, returned to call him back to glory and vengeance; the soul of Agobar was again fired—love lost its empire over him—he thirsted to regain his fame—in short, to gain the crown of France. He quitted Ezilda, repaired to the Mussulman camp, and found that his recall was but a plot to get him in their power. Alaor was basely murdered in a dungeon; while Agobar, who had fought most gallantly with his assassins, was preserved for a more ignominious death. At last a messenger arrived from Athime, and ordered that Agobar should be conveyed to the pyramid of Fabius; an important and decisive engagement between the Saracens and the French ensued. Ezilda heads the latter,—Athime fell in the midst of the contest, smitten by the strong arm of Charles Martel—the fate of the sons of Allah was sealed, the rout became general—Christian Europe was saved. Ezilda knew that the captives had been conveyed near the shore; she repaired to the pyramid of Fabius, and sought a momentary shelter beneath it. She entered—but what an object met her sight; stretched on the earth, and bathed in his own blood, lay the inanimate corpse of Agobar—he still breathed—she afforded him every help; but, after expressing regret for his past life, and his affection for Ezilda, he expired in her arms. Ezilda repaired to the convent of Amalberge, where she soon fell a victim to her grief for the death of the son of Thierry—Agobar, the Renegade.

The Youth's Monthly Visitor.

We have seen the first two numbers of this neat little work, which we think is likely to be very acceptable to those for whom it is especially intended,—the youth of both sexes. Its leading features are morality, instruction, and amusement.



Rhodomaldi; or, the Castle of Rovegiano. A Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 707. London, 1822.

'RHODOMALDI,' we learn from an advertisement prefixed to it, was completed with the author's eighteenth year. If this announcement was intended as an apology, it was unnecessary, since the work would have done no discredit to a maturer age. The story is interesting and well told, some of the incidents striking, and the language neither inflated nor commonplace, which is more than can be said in favour of a great portion of the works which daily issue from the press, under the names of novels and romances.



Letters to William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P.; to which is added an Answer to Melancthon, his Vindicator, demonstrating the Inconsistency of a Protestant Christian, and the impolicy of a British Legislator, in advocating the Roman Catholic Claims. By Amicus Protestans. 8vo. pp. 252. London, 1822.

THE claims of the Roman Catholics to be admitted to the rights and privileges of their Protestant brethren have undergone so much discussion in both branches of the legislature, and in the press, that we believe nothing would be more difficult than to adduce a new reason either for or against Catholic Emancipation; all that we can now expect is calm and dispassionate discussion, in that spirit of charity which ought to be the guide of every one who advocates the doctrines or declares himself the follower of Him, who said 'Love one another.'

As we believe few of the readers of the *Literary Chronicle* would wish us to make it the arena either of religious or political controversy, we shall not enter into any of the arguments urged by Amicus Protestans, in favour of what we conceive cannot, on the strict principles of justice, be defended; and feeling as we do with a great statesman now no more, that what is morally wrong can never be politically right, we would not put the question of Catholic Emancipation to any other test, or rest its claim on any other ba-

sis than on the strong and immutable principles of justice; and while we give Amicus Protestans full credit for his sincerity and the talents he has brought to support his cause, we cannot but regret that such talents and such zeal should have been devoted to keep alive those distinctions, which are so obstructive of the peace and harmony which ought to pervade a Christian community. These letters, we believe, embrace all that can be said on the side of the subject assumed by the author; they are ably written, and will be read with interest by those who are fond of religious controversy.

Americana,

No. VII.

Speeches of several of the Chiefs of the Delegation of Indians, under Maj. O'Fallon, to the President of the United States, in Council, on the 4th of February, 1822.

THE PAWNEE CHIEF.

MY great Father,—I have travelled a great distance to see you—I have seen you, and my heart rejoices. I have heard your words—they have entered one ear and shall not escape the other, and I will carry them to my people as pure as they came from your mouth.

My great Father,—I am going to speak the truth. The Great Spirit looks down upon us, and I call *Him* to witness all that may pass between us on this occasion. If I am here now and have seen your people, your houses, your vessels on the big lake, and a great many wonderful things far beyond my comprehension, which appears to have been made by the Great Spirit and placed in your hands, I am indebted to my Father here, who invited me from home, under whose wings I have been protected.* Yes, my great Father, I have travelled with your chief, I have followed him, and trod in his tracks; but there is still another Great Father to whom I am much indebted—it is the Father of us all. Him who made us and placed us on this earth.—I feel grateful to the Great Spirit for strengthening my heart for such an undertaking, and for preserving the life which he gave me. The Great Spirit made us all—he made my skin red, and your's white; he placed us on this earth, and intended that we should live differently from each other. He made the whites to cultivate the earth, and feed on domestic animals; but he made

* Pointing to Major O'Fallon.

us, red skins, to rove through the uncultivated woods and plains, to feed on wild animals, and to dress with their skins. He also intended that we should go to war to take scalps—take horses from and triumph over our enemies—cultivate peace at home, and promote the happiness of each other. I believe there are no people of any colour on this earth who do not believe in the Great Spirit—in rewards, and in punishments. We worship him, but we worship him not as you do. We differ from you in appearance and manners as well as in our customs; and we differ from you in our religion; we have no large houses, as you have, to worship the Great Spirit in; if we had them to-day we should want others to-morrow, for we have not, like you, a fixed habitation—we have no settled home except our villages, where we remain but two moons in twelve—we, like animals, rove through the country, whilst you whites reside between us and heaven; but still, my Great Father, we love the Great Spirit—we acknowledge his supreme power—our peace, our health, and our happiness, depend upon him, and our lives belong to him—he made us and he can destroy us.

My great Father,—Some of your good chiefs, as they are called (missionaries) have proposed to send some of their good people among us to change our habits, to make us work and live like the white people. I will not tell a lie—I am going to tell the truth. You love your country—you love your people—you love the manner in which they live, and you think your people brave. I am like you, my great Father: I love my country—I love my people—I love the manner in which we live, and think myself and warriors brave;—spare me then, my Father, let me enjoy my country, and pursue the buffalo and the beaver, and the other wild animals of our country, and I will trade their skins with your people. I have grown up, and lived thus long without work—I am in hopes you will suffer me to die without it. We have plenty of buffalo, beaver, deer, and other wild animals—we have also an abundance of horses—we have every thing we want—we have plenty of land, if you will keep your people off of it. My father has a piece on which he lives, (Council Bluffs,) and we wish him to enjoy it—we have enough without it—but we wish him to live near us to give us good counsel—to keep our ears and eyes open that we may continue to pursue the right road—the

road to happiness. He settles all differences between us and the whites, and between the red skins themselves—he makes the whites do justice to the red skins, and he makes the red skins do justice to the whites. He saves the effusion of human blood, and restores peace and happiness on the land. You have already sent us a father; it is enough he knows us and we know him—we have confidence in him—we keep our eye constantly upon him, and since we have heard your words, we will listen more attentively to *his*.

It is too soon, my great Father, to send those good men among us—we are not starving yet—we wish you to permit us to enjoy the chase until the game of our country is exhausted—until the wild animals become extinct. Let us exhaust our present resources before you make us toil and interrupt our happiness—let me continue to live as I have done, and after I have passed to the Good or Evil Spirit from off the wilderness of my present life, the subsistence of my children may become so precarious as to need and embrace the assistance of those good people.

There was a time when we did not know the whites—our wants were then fewer than they are now. They were always within our control—we had then seen nothing which we could not get. But since our intercourse with the whites, (who have caused such a destruction of our game,) when we could lie down to sleep and we awoke we could find the buffalo feeding around our camp—but now we are killing them for their skins, and feeding the wolves with their flesh to make our children cry over their bones.

Here, my great Father, is a pipe, which I present you, as I am accustomed to present pipes to all the red skins in peace with us. It is filled with such tobacco as we were accustomed to smoke before we knew the white people. It is pleasant, and the spontaneous growth of the most remote parts of our country. I know that the robes, leggins, mockasins, bear's-claws, &c. are of little value to you, but we wish you to have them deposited and preserved in some conspicuous part of your lodge; so that when we are gone and the sod turned over our bones, if our children should visit this place, as we do now, they may see and recognise with pleasure the depositaries of their fathers, and reflect on the times that are past.

ORTOS PARTIZAS.

My great Father:—I am brave, and

if I had not been brave I should not have followed my father here. I have killed my enemies, I have taken their horses, and, although I love and respect my father, and will do any thing he tells me, I will not submit to an insult from any one. If my enemies, of any nation, should strike me, I will rise in the might of my strength, and avenge the spirits of my dead.

O'MAHA CHIEF.

My great Father:—Look at me—look at me, my father; my hands are unstained with your blood—my people have never struck the whites, and the whites have never struck them. It is not the case with other red skins. Mine is the only nation that has spared the Long Knives.—I am a chief, but not the only one in my nation; there are other chiefs who raise their crests by my side. I have always been the friend of the Long Knives, and before this chief (Major O'F.) came among us, I suffered much in support of the whites. I was too often reproached for being a friend, but when my father came amongst us he strengthened my arms, and I soon towered over the rest.

My great Father:—I have heard some of your chiefs, who propose to send some good people amongst us, to learn us to live as you do; but I do not wish to tell a lie—I am only one man, and will not presume, at this distance from my people, to speak for them on a subject with which they are entirely unacquainted—I am afraid it is too soon for us to attempt to change habits: We have too much game in our country—we feed too plentifully on the buffalo to bruise our hands with the instruments of agriculture.

The Great Spirit made my skin red, and he made us live as we do now; and I believe that when the Great Spirit placed us upon this earth he consulted our happiness. We love our country—we love our customs and habits. I wish that you would permit us to enjoy them as long as I live. When we become hungry, naked—when the game of our country becomes exhausted, and misery encompasses our families, then, and not till then, do I want those good people among us. Then they may lend us a helping hand—*then* show us the wealth of the earth—the advantages and sustenance to be derived from its culture.

O'MAHA PARTIZAN.

My great Father:—My father was a chief, but he grew old, and became dry like grass, and passed away, leaving the roots from which I sprung up,

and have grown so large without one mark of distinction. I am still green, but am afraid to die without the fame of my father. I wish you would be so good as to give me a mark to attract the attention of my people, that when I return home I may bring to their recollection the deeds of my father and my claims to distinction; since I left home I have been much afflicted; death sought me, but I clung to my father, and he kept it off. I have now grown fat and am in hopes to return to my nation. There is my chief (pointing to the *Big Elk*) who has no claims, no inheritance from his father. I am now following behind him, and treading upon his heels, in hopes that you, and my father here, will take pity on me and recollect who my father was.

Original Communications.

ON ALBUMS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

ALBUMS came into use soon after the revival of letters. They originated with the Germans, the Flemish, and the English, who travelled into Italy for the pleasure of conversing with the men of letters, with whom that country then abounded. The travellers frequently carried with them a small paper tablet; and, presenting it to the literary personages to whom they were introduced, requested them to write in it their names, with a short sentence. It soon received the appellation of an album, and it became a contest among literary travellers, whose album was most numerously and respectably filled. The sentences written in albums usually express a mere general truth, but they sometimes indicate the particular disposition of the writer.

Thus, one of the first remarks which Algernon Sydney gave of his strong republican notions, appeared in what he wrote in an album at Copenhagen. ‘I will tell you,’ says his father, in a letter to him, ‘of a passage which you would do well to clear yourself. It is said that the University of Copenhagen brought their album unto you, desiring you to write something therein, and that you did write in it these words,

“*Manus hoc, inimica Tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*”

It is not known whether these lines were Sydney’s own, or copied by him from some other writer. They import that his hand, hostile to tyranny, sought to obtain by the sword undisturbed

tranquillity under the safeguard of Liberty; and thus expressed

‘The awful purpose of his soul.’—YOUNG.

A sentence written by Sir Robert Cotton in the album of Emanuel Demetrius, an historian of eminence in his time, will now, perhaps, be thought to express a more useful sentiment:—

‘Libertatis amor, stultum cur decipis orbem!

‘Homines inquieti et turbulent, nec ipsi quiescere possunt, nec alios quiescere sinunt. Et impliciti foederibus cogunt sequi alienos furores.

‘Nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes!’

‘O love of liberty! how doest thou deceive the foolish world!

‘Unquiet and turbulent men cannot themselves remain, or permit others to remain at rest. Entangled by covenants, they are constrained to follow the madness of others!

‘In War there is no safety; Peace, all ask of you!’

This memorial, signed by Sir Robert Cotton, and dated the 8th December, 1599, is preserved in the registers of the Dutch Church, in Saint Augustine Friars, London.

A sentence written in an album by Madame Dacier, spake her modest character. A learned gentleman paid her a visit, and requested her to write her name and a sentence in his album. Seeing in it the names of several of the greatest scholars in Europe, she declined it, saying that ‘it would be presumptuous to insert her’s among those of so many distinguished persons.’ The gentleman insisted on it; and she then wrote in it the verse of Sophocles, ‘Silence is the ornament of the female sex.’

It afterwards became usual for the owners of mansions to have albums, and for their visitors to write their names in them, with a sentence. The celebrated Latin ode written by Mr. Gray in the album of the Grand Chartreuse, near Dijin, is generally known and admired. The album of this venerable abode of piety and charity perished in the general destruction of the edifice by the French; but a copy of Mr. Gray’s ode, beautifully transcribed, has since been forwarded by Mr. James Humphreys, of Lincoln’s Inn, to the community. Every Englishman should wish it preserved, in a place to which there is so much resort, as it is almost the only Latin poetry of English composition which has found its way to foreigners.

An album may be considered a trifle; yet, among the little practices by which friendships are cemented or perpetuated, it holds its place:—

‘Quo desideris veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas itemus amicitias.’

CATULLUS.

‘With fond remembrance, how the mind surveys
The lives and friendships of its former days.’

This pleasing *reminiscence* an album is excellently calculated to produce.

The rules to be observed by writers in albums are very few. It seems desirable that they should insert their christian and surnames at full length, and the day and the year on which they wrote them.

The sentence should be in the English, the French, or the Italian language; it may also be in the Latin; but, for the benefit of ladies and country gentlemen, should then be accompanied by a translation. It should refer to the owners of the album, their residence, or the writer, and will only be perfect if it refers to them all; but it may either be the composition of the writer himself or a quotation.

Such are, or such should be, albums; a lady who contemplates possessing one, should reflect whether her acquaintance consists, or is likely to consist of persons sufficiently numerous, distinguished, and informed, to render it probable that it will be filled with insertions of the nature which has been mentioned.

But there is another species of collection very common on the Continent, particularly in France, which it is more easy to achieve. By adding the syllables ‘ana’ to a surname, it receives a Latin termination, which makes it imply that it is a collection of the sayings or observations of the person to whose name these syllables are appended; or of extracts or transcripts made by him. Thus Menagiana and Scaligerana, denote the sayings or observations of Menage or Scaliger, or passages extracted and copied by him.

A multitude of these have been published on the Continent, and a complete collection of them is among the desiderata of a bibliomaniac.

Few works of this kind have issued from the British press, but we have three which may be classed among them and which excel all that the Continent has produced:—‘The Table Talk of Selden,’ ‘Boswell’s Life of Johnson,’ and ‘Mr. Gibbon’s Account of his Life and Studies.’

A lady with whom the writer is acquainted, humbly terms a valuable collection made by her, a Scrap-Book. With this unpretending title, a scrap-book may partake both of the album and the ana, and even contain some-

thing more. Literary characters may be requested to scribble in them; remarks and anecdotes may be inserted; original effusions introduced; extracts and copies transcribed in them; and even drawings inserted: but care should be taken that they are select, and no extract or copy should be transcribed from any printed work, which is not a rarity or accompanied by some observation or anecdote.

S.

GERARD'S HALL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR.—Accidentally passing Gerard's Hall Inn, Basing Lane, I observed preparations were making for the removal of that very ancient effigy, Gerard the Giant, to give place to some alterations in the exterior of the present building; and, as probably the majority of the readers of your Journal are no strangers to the history of the above house, this information may be serviceable, as it will give those who feel interested an opportunity of paying the giant a farewell visit. I cannot, Mr. Editor, dismiss this subject without observing how lamentable it is, that though so few vestiges are to be found in this city, we still perceive even those vanishing fast, not by the work of time, but by the hand of violence; and it is reasonable to suppose, that if this rage for *improvement* continues for a few years longer, we shall not find the least remains of ancient London either to assist the historian or gratify the antiquary.

Whatever might have been the original motive for erecting such a figure as this is dubious, but if we were to form a conjecture, we really might suppose, from the rudeness of the carving and the inequality of its symmetry, that it has been placed there for no other purpose but to act as a sort of scarecrow to the naughty children of the surrounding neighbourhood; but, after all, it claims reverence on account of its great antiquity.

Stow, in speaking of this house, says, it belonged to the Gysors, who were officers of the city, then called Gysors' Hall, hence corrupted into Gerrard's Hall. John Gyson, Lord Mayor, was owner of it A. D. 1245, and, by descent, it came to another of the same name in 1386, who made a feoffment of it. Stow also adverts to a pole of forty feet long, having been fastened to the wall of the house: tradition relates it to have belonged to the giant Gerrard, but, in his opinion, it was intended for a maypole, which

scarcely any great house was without; and it was also generally erected on festive days, particularly at Christmas time, decorated with holly.

Basing Lane was originally called the 'Bakehouse,' on account of the number of bakers that lived there, who supplied Bread Street Market with bread.

By descending a staircase of about twenty feet below the level of the present Basing Lane, some remains of this noble mansion-house are still visible, which appear to have been a sort of crypt, consisting of lofty Gothic arches, supported by sixteen pillars of rather superior workmanship, and in an excellent state of preservation; it now forms part of the cellaring to the Inn, the present proprietor of which is Mr. T. W. Baley, to whose kindness I am indebted for the view thereof,

April 8.

Your's, E. S.

MONUMENT TO HIS LATE MAJESTY.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I sent two letters, at different times, to the editor of the 'Cunynge Advertyser,' acquainting him with my proposition to exhibit a memorial to our late beloved sovereign, May 1820, which called for, but never met with a notice from this gentleman till Saturday last—now that Mr. Wyatt is somewhat thwarted in his object by an illustrious individual and the sense of the country. This impartial editor, to get out of the scrape, says 'our notice of arts and artists is as impartial as our literary criticisms, and utterly unsway'd by party or connexion';—than this, a more innocent sentence was never more (artfully) unconsciously written. I know not what London artists and the readers of books think of the impartiality, PARTY, or connexion of this paper's criticisms; but with the literati of our city such pretty words are thought no more of than the abbey chimes, or the call of chair! chair!

I wonder, sir, how an editor dare, in his conscience, utter the language he does, from time to time, to exculpate himself from charges which are as substantial as truth and 'notorious as the sun at noon-day'—language evidently intended, as every one must know, for the misleading of opinion. The ORIGINALITY of Mr. Wyatt's design may be seen in one of the plates of 'Kennett's Roman History.'

I am your's, with respect,
Bath, April 2, 1822. L. GAHAGAN.

ON EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE)

I HAVE no patience with those who apologise for not writing letters to their friends or acquaintances, by saying they have not time enough. Few people are so much pressed for time, as not to be able to spare half an hour or an hour in any day, for a particular avocation; a space quite sufficient for writing a letter. Most of those who make this silly excuse, are frequently, during the day, at a loss for filling more time than would suffice for this purpose. The true reason of the neglect seems, therefore, to be want of inclination rather than of leisure; and he who says, 'I have not time for writing,' might in general say, with more honesty, 'I am too indolent.'

But here it may be alleged, in favour of this neglect of correspondence, that it is not worth while, merely for the sake of amusement, to write letters; that it is irksome to sit down and be obliged to compose an epistle, without possessing any subject of real and necessary business; and that the efforts of invention give to this employment the fastidious nature of a task. These objections, strictly taken, are undeniable: but it is most evident, that whoever makes them, must bind himself never to engage in any correspondence, or write a single letter that is not absolutely and indispensably necessary. And if this principle, which flows from the objections, be allowed, then epistolary correspondence must be left entirely to the concerns of business; and the communications of separated friendship, of love, and all the other degrees of social affection, are at an end.

Many people sit down to write a letter as to perform a displeasing imposition, which they anticipate with reluctance, and defer as long as they can with decency. I have no objection to that reluctance, provided they would at first (whether requested to correspond or spontaneously offering) ingenuously confess, that they consider all correspondence which is not absolutely necessary, to be unworthy of regard: for, by this explicit declaration of their sentiments, they would at once rid themselves and others of all trouble and expectation on the subject. That people should acquiesce in preserving correspondence, and then attempt to justify the neglect of it, by reasons which should have been offered before it was entered into, is the matter of complaint.

To such as consider that correspon-

dence by letter is but another sort of personal communication, it will appear strange, that to compose an epistle should be esteemed by those who possess any of the social affections, as a labour and hardship. Every person, it may be supposed, has some intimacy or acquaintance which he would wish to preserve; and if so small a portion of time might be made subservient to that agreeable purpose, is it not astonishing that so much reluctance should accompany the performance? The most indolent scruple not to confess their absent connections in terms of affection or attachment, but yet cannot induce themselves to accomplish that frequent interchange of sentiment, which constitutes the essence of friendship and the nature of correspondence.

It should seem that those who acknowledge the existence of their absent attachments, but are yet too supine to preserve regular correspondence with them, are either under the dominion of an habitual and inveterate indolence, or else do not feel the power of those attachments so strongly as they would have us imagine. For, will the person who feels a real and undeniable pleasure in correspondence, excuse himself from it by such frivolous objections? Will the affectionate wife, separated from her faithful husband,—will the ardent lover, debarred from the object of his adoration,—content themselves for omitting this delightful duty, by alleging *they have not time?* If the occupation occupied ten times the space, they would contrive to accomplish it. And why is this? Because they take an unfeigned pleasure in the employment.

It will not avail to say that the fervour of passion often induces us to sacrifice more time to one object than is reasonable. It is sufficient to deduce, from these instances, that what we *really delight in, we can always find means to accomplish.*

Examine employments in which the warmth of passion is by no means concerned, as many there are which interest the affections, but which, by various people are highly esteemed; and you will find that such people contrive, whatever may be their other avocations, to dedicate sufficient time to those esteemed employments. Every man has a partiality for some occupation or amusement, in which, important as his necessary business may be, he can find time to indulge himself. And thus some persons, indolently inclined, can always contrive to devote a great por-

tion of their time to their favourite goddess—**IDLENESS**; however loudly the calls of business and of affection may strive to detach them from her influence.

The general falsehood, therefore, of this apology for neglect of correspondence,—‘I have not time,’—is evident; being nevertheless true, with the change of one word for another, i. e. instead of *time*, say *inclination*.

I am apt, however, to believe that this aversion to letter-writing is confirmed, if not induced, by the defect of conversance with literary composition; since those who have been disused to writing, are observed in general to dislike it; and, on the contrary, persons who have had a learned education, and been early accustomed to epistolary communication, are least averse to it. The defect of practice in composition must undoubtedly occasion a difficulty of collecting the sentiments, and of properly arranging and expressing them, that may render the employment truly irksome, notwithstanding the utmost warmth of affection. But it should be remembered, that little art is necessary to express the sensations of friendship; and that the simple language of sincerity is universally preferable to the most laboured compositions of ingenuity and elegance. J. J. W.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

THE following account of the Beggar's Opera, when first produced, appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, where it is stated to be taken from an unfinished and unpublished volume, printed in 1812, called ‘The Prompter.’ The authority was a manuscript register of plays, kept by Charles Moyser Rich, one of the proprietors of Lincoln's Inn Field's Theatre, and obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. Kemble:

‘By the following enumeration of Mr. Rich, this popular piece was only performed sixty-two nights in the first season, which ended June 19th, 1728, while other accounts state the number as one night more. A circumstance mentioned by the author in a letter to Swift, may explain this variance. He relates, that on the thirty-sixth night, it was substituted at a benefit, a performer being suddenly taken sick, and the audience would not suffer any other play to be acted. As this was “contrary to all rule,” probably Rich did not wish to notice the fact, and therefore registered “Hamlet,” for the benefit of Mrs. Barbier. The money and tickets amounting on that night to 163*l.* 10*s.* proves the demand to have been made by a very full house. The whole money

received for the sixty-two nights was 11,199*l.* 14*s.* In the following statement, the benefits of the author are particularized, that it may shew how little exertion he used in the customary disposal of tickets.

	£ s. d.
The first night produced	169 12 0
The third night, for the author, in money	143 17 6
By card tickets	18 15 0
The sixth, for same, in money	173 11 0
Card tickets	16 0 0
The ninth, for same, in money....	153 7 0
Card tickets	12 0 0
The twelfth, probably for the benefit of the author, though not so expressed	170 5 6
The fifteenth, for same, in money..	162 8 0
Card tickets	13 10 0
The twenty-first, ‘the king and queen and princesses were at the house’.....	163 14 0
The thirty-seventh, the largest receipt	194 13 0
The fifty-ninth, the lowest receipt..	53 6 6

‘The following season commenced in September with the same opera, and, on the New Year's day of 1729, it was acted “by the Lilliputians,” the Prince of Wales being present to a house that produced 116*l.* 11*s.* The novelty of these tiny prodigies served to amuse the town for fifteen nights, and were favourably supported, the lowest receipt being 37*l.* 2*s.* while the tragedy of Macbeth, acted a short period after, brought only fourteen guineas.

‘On December the 7th, 1732, the new theatre in Covent Garden opened, and as early as the ninth night, the “Beggar's Opera” was produced, with the novelty of Miss Norsa performing the character of Polly. On that occasion, it was acted at Drury-Lane for the first time, and for three nights played in rival competition at both theatres. There the contest ended, and the piece was continued at Covent Garden through twenty nights. On the second night of performance the receipt amounted to 122*l.* 11*s.* a larger sum than had been before received at that theatre, notwithstanding the novelty of its being new built, and the price of admission to the pit having been made, for the opening, equal to the boxes.

‘This piece was not again revived within the period of the register kept by Mr. Rich.

‘Mr. Quin adopted it for his benefit at Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 19, 1730, and performing Macheath, it then produced the third best house of the season, there being in money 112*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* and by tickets 93*l.* 16*s.* making 206*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* Of the two nights that exceeded, there was performed Hamlet, the part of grave-digger by Mr. Leveridge, for his own benefit, when the amount was 235*l.* (but the portion of tickets is not specified); and the Recruiting Officer for the benefit of Mr. Wood, treasurer, who received 216*l.* the tickets disposed of being 197*l.* 10*s.* The money receipt, which is the truest standard of public opinion, might

therefore be in favour of the opera. However, as a stock piece, it shared the same fate as attended the productions of our immortal bard, in not being able occasionally to draw an audience. "Dismissed the Beggar's Opera," occurs in the register for Covent Garden theatre the 26th of May and 27th of June, 1737; and, rather extraordinarily, at Drury-Lane on the 17th of May, 1740, is "Dismiss'd the Beggar's Opera, for the benefit of Mr. Walker." If this was Tom Walker, the original Macheath, such a neglect of public patronage can only be accounted for by the known dissipation of the actor.'

Original Poetry.

VERSES.

GREEN leaves will change

At the fall of the year;
Man, too, will range,
Tho' he constant appear.

No tie can bind him,
Tender or strong;
Ne'er will you find him
True to you long.

Old faces tease him,
Fresh beauties warm;
Yet, while they please him,
Still they may harm.

Tho' they may move him,
Artful as fair;
Will they e'er love him,
Make him their care?

As the roll of the surges—
The flash from the cloud—
Is their false smile that urges
To ruin the crowd.

Tho' they caress him
Fondly awhile,
Ne'er can they bless him,
False is their smile.

When cares shall grieve him,
Sickness bring pain;
Then will they leave him,—
None will remain.

As the snake darts in hate
From the foe it hath stung;
So false ones elate
Fly the breast they have wrung.

As glides o'er the ocean
The unmarking keel,
Is the careless emotion
Their bosoms can feel.

As a haven of rest
To the wretched who mourns,
As the seat of the blest
To the soul that's forlorn,
Is the breast of that fair
Who can constant remain;
Tis there, only there,
He will happiness gain.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

THE OLD BARD'S LAST LAY.

Whate'er thou art, from realms celestial sprung,
Spirit! whose genial lore my bosom sway'd;
Whose fingers struck the harp which fancy
strung,
When rapture wanton'd as the syren play'd:
No more thy impulse sheds its blissful aid,
The flight of soul impress'd with bold design;

Around thee hangs oblivion's misty shade,
And ecstasy and hope no more are mine.
My breast hath lost its glow, these eyes no
longer shine.

Farewell! ye hours, when first in youth's gay
trance

My raptur'd bosom heav'd to fancy's spell;
Or join'd with blooming hopes in sportive
dance,

Nor shed a tear, but what from rapture fell.
Themes of my youth, my prime, my age—fare-
well!

My trembling hand now falters o'er the
string,

No more my lay the deeds of old shall tell,
Nor love's soft throb nor valour's legend sing.
Since in this aged breast, no kindling trans-
ports spring.

Sleep, spirit of my lay!—enthusiast spark,
That fir'd my soul, and gem'd the raptur'd
eye;

For all within is comfortless and dark,
Unbless'd by hope's fond ray or passion's
sigh!

And thou, O harp!—dost all thine aid deny,
Thy strings no longer wake the notes of glee;
No mental transport lights my dimmed eye,
While the loud plaudit fans to ecstasy,
And I, who sung so well, have none to sing of
me!

In life's bright morn, when this chill breast was
young,

How gay my ready fingers swept the string;
No knight could toil, no maiden bloom unsung,
While fancy o'er my soul was fluttering.
But what avails the thought of life's gay spring,
While memory wails—and this sad heart is
cold;

Hope is the guide of youth's fond wandering,
But flies the hoary wight—objected—old,
Whose pleasant lay is o'er—whose tale will
soon be told!

In song of bard the hero's prowess lives,
And patriot worth, and beauty's witching
spell;

Immortal wreaths the minstrel's legend gives,
And throngs admire the feats his numbers
tell.

But he—who chronicled, and sung so well,
The hapless bard!—is dull oblivion's prey;
His aged fingers strike his own death knell,
And with the strain, his memory flits away,
And transient April beam,—the flow'ret of a
day.

When I am number'd with the silent dead,
Inclose this harp beneath my turf's green
mound—

Faithful companion of my lowly bed,
And mute, unconscious of a genial sound.
There, at the last great day, together found,
The joyous bard shall to his task arise;
Again his harp's glad numbers swell around,
And join the blooming minstrels of the skies,
Whose strains can never cease—whose trans-
port never dies.

J. WILMINGTON FLEMING.

Fine Arts.

THE DESTRUCTON OF HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

Painted for the Duke of Buckingham by Mr.
MARTIN.

We trust that the fiery glow of Mr.
Martin's pallet has reached the acme.
His heat, which was no more than duly

moderated in the Babylon picture, became less sufferable in Belshazzar's Feast, and now the conflagration rages upon Pompeii, in a storm of fantastic fire not endurable by the eyes or any other of the senses. Surely this young man has sadly deceived himself. Nature, in her most angry and savage port, is never so unmerciful to us as to pour out fire of the colour of blood. The deepest glare of combustion has nothing like the inner ring of Mr. Martin's volcanic stream, as it is seen descending on the city. The picture is an absolute chaos of ill-imagined lines. The white fire is without glow, the red is infinitely too deep, the seas are of blue vitriol, and, in the midst of all this, the figures are shining with vermillion cheeks, and raiment gaudily coloured and sorted. He may take credit for the topography and local accuracy of the positions, as far as they are known, and also for the labour of obscure perspective in the centre-ground: in the latter part he excels. His map-accuracy is not half so creditable to him in the foregrounds of his pieces (whatever he may think of it) as his power of laying in distances, examples of which may be seen in the spread of landscape in Joshua and Macbeth. It is not to be denied him also that he understands, and describes powerfully, the efforts of confusion produced on inanimate nature. The storm of horror, descending on Pompeii, considered merely as a shower of grave elements violating their general economy, is full of portentous havock for the devoted city. The destruction is rather too complete; the buildings being so far overwhelmed with the fiery torrent as to still our anxiety for the extirpated inhabitants. Beyond this, the picture is stark naught. The colouring is to painting what bombast and hyperbole are to discourse. The younger Pliny would have had but little credit, and still less of our respect, had his recital of the fate of his uncle been in as ill agreement with the facts as this of Mr. Martin. But this is not all: to follow up the hint of a well-judging observer on this work, where is the moral taste of Mr. Martin? He states, in his catalogue, the pains he has taken to define the situations accurately. He has added such particulars of the conduct and fate of Pliny as are of chief authenticity. Does he believe the words he has quoted, concerning the 'Martyr of Nature?' If so, why has he put him to perish among the ill-drawn slaves and worldlings of the fore-ground? Why

has he brought the man, who required a volcano to crush out the unyielding energies of his mind, to a participation in the fearful grimaces of common grief and attitudes of terror, scarcely enough to awaken pity? Is he only accurate in map-knowledge? What taste is there, what sense of superior dignity, in one who can thus vulgarize and traduce the character and concluding fortunes of such a man as Pliny? We need not suggest to artists how many methods there were available for elevating the moral importance of the subject, nor point out more minutely with what seeming adroitness Mr. Martin has eluded those well-known particulars of remaining history, which would have contributed to produce that effect. In conclusion, Mr. Martin is an assiduous and deserving artist, who has travelled out of the straight and only secure way to eminence. Let him repent and return. He is young enough to recover the effects of his impetuous errors. Let him quench his outrageous colouring; let him lay out that labour which he wastes in picking out colonnades and microscopic details of all kinds on the human form and face; and if he be really ambitious to illustrate history, let him draw the effect from his species, personally considered, and not trust every thing to the walls which they inhabit: let us have more of the play and less of the scenic decorations.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday evening, a new comic opera was produced at this theatre, entitled, *I Due Pretendenti delusi*; (the two suitors deceived.) The music is by Mosca, a Neapolitan composer, whose reputation principally rests on his comic operas, of which this is said to be his *chef d'œuvre*. The music is distinguished for its sweetness and simplicity, and some of the melodies are particularly pleasing. It has been extremely well got up, and was well performed in all its principal characters.

Easter Monday has, from time immemorial, been a saturnalia in the drama; and many a city apprentice and maid of all work looks forward towards it with as much eagerness as ever courtier did for a prince's smile, or a young girl for an interview with an expectant lover. To us, who, with all our love of the drama, do not enjoy an evening at a theatre as we did when we went much less frequently, it is really grati-

fying to see the joyous faces that are posting towards the various theatres at an early hour in the afternoon of an Easter Monday. So early as five o'clock we see groups gathering round the gallery doors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres; and clean washed youths and rosy cheek girls, with pockets and handkerchiefs filled with various sorts of refreshment, eagerly waiting the opening of the doors, in order to get a front seat. In half an hour afterwards, the crowd blocks up the avenues; at six, the outer door opens, and admits a large body on the staircase, but the cry is 'still they come,' and, before the inner door opens to admit them to the scene of all their hopes, the street is again choked with the expectant crowds. Half an hour more, and a loud cheer from above announces that the money-taker is at his post;—the gallery is filled at one single rush, and all are eager hope and strong desire for the rising of the curtain; and yet, although nothing but a 'deep tragedy' will satisfy a holiday audience, it generally passes in dumb show, and the gods are not appeased until the commencement of the after-piece. We have hitherto only mentioned the two great theatres; but the attractions of an Easter Monday are not limited to these—for there are the minor theatres; and, to use the expression of the best Jerry Sneak the stage has ever known, 'the minors are going it finely.' Astley's and Sadler's Wells, places of no small account among the public amusements of the metropolis, commence their seasons on this day, while the Surrey and the Coburg, after a week or ten days' respite, make their transition from a winter to a summer season. But, to descend to particulars, we must commence with—

DRURY LANE.—*George Barnwell* was indifferently represented by Mr. Cooper; and Miss Edmiston, to the regret of all her friends, undertook the repulsive character of Millwood, but did as much to strip it of its odiousness as perhaps could well be done. After the play, which, both in itself and its acting, was good enough for an audience who never listen to a first piece on such an occasion, a new 'eastern tale of enchantment' was produced, intitled *Almoran and Hamet*,—founded on Dr. Hawkesworth's tale of that name. It is by far the best piece of the sort that we have seen at this theatre; and we are really glad to see Mr. Elliston cope with Covent Garden in the only point in which

they have hitherto excelled him—spectacle. The chief interest in this Persian tale consists in the efforts of Almoran to possess the throne of which he has been left joint-heir with his brother Hamet, as well as to gain Almeida, the betrothed bride of the latter: the usual materials of dungeons and daggers are introduced; but, in spite of these, virtue (in a melo-drama at least) always triumphs, notwithstanding the evil spirit, the 'Genius of the Magic Ring,' to which Almoran had resorted. The scenery in this piece is very splendid, particularly the necromantic palace, the interior of a harem, and a garden by moonlight; the last was particularly striking, and had an illuminated fountain 'of real water,' admirably managed. The music, which was principally by Cooke, was good; and one little song from Miss Povey, as well as a duet between her and Harley (a time-serving Janissary), was loudly applauded. The piece, which was received with loud and unmixed applause, was announced for every evening.

Mr. Elliston is now doing what, if it does not command success, certainly deserves it, that of playing some of our good old comedies; for which his company is fully competent. The *Cure for the Heart Ache* was admirably performed on Tuesday, as was the *School for Scandal*, on Wednesday Evening; when a Miss Grimani made her *debut*, (as we are told,) on the London boards in the character of Lady Teazle. This lady is evidently no stranger to the stage, which she treads with that judgment and ease which could only arise from practice. Her person is good, and her acting judicious; if she were deficient in any thing, it was in the gaiety of the character. Elliston was excellent in *Charles Surface*; and Mr. Cooper's voice was well suited to the hypocritical, sentimental Joseph. Munden's Sir Peter Teazle is rich in humour, though we do not hold humour to be the only requisite for the character. The house was well attended.

COVENT GARDEN.—After the tragedy of *Wallace*, in which Macready played the hero with his accustomed talent, a new grand Asiatic romance, founded on a well-known popular fairy tale, was produced, intitled *Cherry and the Fair Star, or the Children of Cyprus*. The story is interesting, but nobody cares for a story in a spectacle: the scenery was truly grand; though we were sorry to see that the managers

of this theatre should think of no better method of holding the 'mirror up to nature', than by imitating the Coburg in a glass curtain; not here introduced as a curtain, but as a scene of the Bowler of Illusion: but no matter, the audience, the most important people to gratify, were highly delighted, and *Cherry and Fair Star* promise to repay with interest the cost they have occasioned.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—MR. MATHEWS.—If Mr. Mathews' *Youthful Days* were half as entertaining to himself, as the narrative of them is to the public, he must have been the happiest fellow in the world. The British public never, perhaps, boasted more varied attractions in the way of public amusement than at the present time; and, among these, the extraordinary exhibitions of Mathews' talents is certainly one of the first. Should he live to be an old man, he may recount with pleasure, that by his single efforts, he created more merry faces, and sent more people away laughing from him than any of his contemporaries;—yes, 'I alone did it boy,' may he proudly exclaim with that self-gratification which he must possess, who has so often and so successfully said 'begone dull care,' and rendered thousands happy for four hours at a time. Mr. Mathews' performance increases nightly in public favour, and he measures the size of the English Opera House, every night he appears, with a well-packed audience.

THE MINOR THEATRES.—When the Adelphi Theatre produced its *Tom and Jerry*, we regarded it as one of those productions which, although they could not be justified, might be tolerated on the score of novelty; the success, however, which attended it, and the extension of the *Tom and Jerry* mania, must be deplored by every one who feels for the dignity or the morality of the drama. We are aware, that to reason against pieces which produce crowded audiences and send them away highly gratified, is likely to be of little avail; but we cannot help deprecating the public taste, which prefers the slang of the gaming table, the Fives' Court, and the stews, to the productions of the legitimate drama. The piece on which *Tom and Jerry* is founded, Pierce Egan's Life in London, is a literary abortion, in which wit, genius, and common sense are alike carefully excluded;—the language would scarcely have passed current in a halfpenny ballad or a last dying speech; and its success, as a book, is owing entirely to the carica-

ture sketches by Cruikshank, and to the depraved taste of the public for vulgar slang and unintelligible rhapsody.

The success, unprecedented in the annals of the minor theatres, which attended the *Tom and Jerry* at the Adelphi, has induced all the other minor theatres to produce pieces on the same subject. At the Surrey, there is one with some share of originality and humour in it; at Astley's, the horses (ever attractive) give it, certainly, an air of great novelty. At Sadler's Wells, Mr. Egerton, whose better sense, we are sure, revolts at it, has taken the tide at the flood, and produced an entire new piece upon it, written, as we are told, by the great slangmonger himself, Pierce Egan; and, we believe, the little West London, which last year brought out the *Oedipus* of Sophocles, has sunk to the *Life in London* of this Pierce Egan, who, for a season at least, has thrown Shakespeare and Sheridan, Congreve, and common sense, quite into the shade. The Coburg Theatre has got up a piece called *Life in Paris*, in which, as is usual at that theatre, there is some good scenery, and a great deal of indifferent acting. The piece, says one of the morning papers, 'is a bustling thing, full of noise, fun, and foolery, and well calculated to produce more work for the watch-houses:' a strong recommendation certainly.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—M. ALEXANDRE.—This really clever Frenchman, who is anglicising very rapidly, has produced a species of entertainment which promises to vie with the most popular public amusements in attraction. This gentleman, who, as a ventriloquist stands unrivalled, has brought his very singular talents into action in the form of a drama, in which he not only personates half a dozen characters, differing in voice, face, and personal appearance; but he also holds communion with as many invisible agents, calls spirits from the vast deep, and, if they do not actually come on the stage, they are very distinctly heard at a distance. M. Alexandre successively personates a gallant captain, over head and ears in love, a captivating fair one, no less deeply absorbed with the tender passion; a gouty hypochondriacal old alderman and his affectionate wife, who, with a most annoying fondness for her spouse, deals out drugs to him without mercy, illustrating the secret of killing with kindness; he also personates Nicholas, a roguish servant, who plays a thousand tricks, to the great annoyance of his as-

sumed master, and to the absolute gratification of his real auditors. The illusions in M. Alexandre's voice are really astonishing, particularly his dialogue with nobody, in a chimney; with the same personage in a cellar, a trunk, and an adjoining room. His imitation of sawing and planing wood, striking a light, frying an omelet, &c. &c., are no less extraordinary. The whole entertainment, which consists of a number of smart jokes, puns, &c., was received with the loudest applause.

Literature and Science.

New Metal.—Counsellor Giesse, of Dorpat, has communicated to the world the discovery of what he at present thinks to be a new metal, extracted from the residue of English sulphuric acid, on distilling it to dryness. One variety left, out of 16 ounces, $9\frac{1}{2}$ grains of a white residuum, in which there was no sulphate of lead. It changed colour several times during the experiments made upon it, and he thinks it was formed of the sulphur employed in manufacturing the acid. It is susceptible of oxidation, and its alkaline combinations form double salts with acids. Still the professor's details are judged, on the whole, to be inconclusive.

Earthquakes and Magnetism.—M. Arago has transmitted to the French Academy of Sciences, an account of an observation he had made, which proves that the recent earthquake, the shocks of which were felt at Lyons and its neighbourhood, also extended its action to Paris. M. Arago has an observatory in Paris for the purpose of observing the variations of the magnetic needle. On the 19th of February the needle remained perfectly steady until half past eight o'clock; at a quarter before nine it became agitated in a very extraordinary manner with an oscillatory motion strongly inclining towards the magnetic meridian. On observing this truly singular phenomenon, M. Arago was of opinion that it was occasioned by an earthquake.

At the same day and hour M. Biot remarked an oscillatory movement produced by the same earthquake, at his own residence in the College de France.

Measurement of the Meridian in Russia.—A series of operations for a new measure of the meridian in the Russian provinces of the Baltic, will take place during the summer. M. Struve, professor of astronomy, and rector of the university of Dorpat, will

commence his labours at the 56th degree of north latitude, on the meridian of the observatory of the university of Dorpat. The expenses will be defrayed by the university. The emperor has given 2000 ducats to procure the necessary instruments, and Dr. Walbeck, of the Swedish university of Abo, will act in concert with Professor Struve to render the measure more complete.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

----- LUcretius.

Warburton.—Pitt (Lord Chatham), in opposition to the Episcopal Bench, made Warburton Bishop of Gloucester, whose doubtful Christianity, whose writings and turbulent arrogance made him generally obnoxious.—Warburton inquiring of a friend what the clergy thought of his promotion, and being told how much it offended them, said, —tell them, it was well for their cause that I did not embrace any other profession.

A Republican Answer.—In the virtuous and heroic period of the Heveltic Republic, the ambassadors of Zurich and Berne, visiting the French Plenipotentiary, who wished to deliver up the citizens of Geneva to the vengeance of a domineering Senate, his Excellency the Chevalier de Beateville exclaimed with some warmth,—*'Sçavez vous, messieurs, que je suis le représentant du rois, mon maître ?'* (Do you know, gentlemen, that I am the representative of the king, my master?) With a vigour and energy worthy of a people in whom the flame of public spirit was not extinguished, one of the republicans made answer:—*'Sçavez vous, Monsieur le Chevalier, que nous sommes les représentants de nos égaux ?'* (Do you know, sir, that we are the representatives of our equals?)

The *Times* newspaper, about a fortnight ago, contained (with a supplementary sheet, distributed gratuitously) the extraordinary number of *eight hundred and sixty-six* advertisements. The duty payable to government, at 3s. 6d. each, is 151l. 6s. for this single day's publication.

Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the Deluge; the ark was in the middle distance; in the fore-ground, or, rather, in the fore-sea, an elephant was seen struggling with his fate:—‘I wonder,’ said the gentleman, ‘that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the

ark;—‘He was too late,’ replied Canning; ‘he was detained packing up his *trunk*! ’

Advertisements.

Roman Catholic Claims.

This day is published, dedicated to **VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH**, price 5s. 6d.

THE LETTERS OF AMICUS PROTESTANS to **WILLIAM WILBERFORCE**, Esq. M. P.; to which is added, An Answer to **MELANCTHON**, his Vindicator; demonstrating the inconsistency of a Protestant Christian, and the impolicy of a British Legislator, in advocating the Roman Catholic Claims.

‘O ! for that warning voice, which he who saw Th’ Apocalypse, heard cry in heav’n aloud.’

Milton.

Printed for W. SIMPKIN and R. MARSHALL, Stationers’ Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

This day was published, in 8vo., price 5s. 6d. boards, a New Edition of

ELEMENTA LINGUÆ GRÆCÆ; novis, plerumque, regulis tradita; brevitate sua memoriae facilibus, pars prima, complectens partes orationis declinabiles, ad finem usque verborum regularium; et analogiam duas in unam syllabus contrahendi, ex ipsa vocalium natura deductam, et regulis universilibus traditam; studio JACOBI MOOR, LL.D. Olim in Academia Glasguensi, Litt. Gr. Prof. Partem posteriorem, notasque adjectit GULIELMUS NEILSON, S. T. D. Nuper in Academia Belfastiensis, LL. Heb. et Gr. Prof. Editio altera.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane, London; and STIRLING and SLADE, Edinburgh.

Dr. Symmons’s Life of Milton.

This day was published, in 8vo. price 14s. boards, the New Edition of

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‘We cannot better conclude our account of Milton than in the words of his liberal and eloquent biographer, Dr. Symmons, to whose work we have already acknowledged our obligations, and to which we earnestly refer the readers of the new Cyclopaedia, in order that they may see how much more is recorded of our illustrious countryman, than can possibly be expressed in this article.’—Dr. Rees’s Cyclop., Vol. XXIII.

THE GAZETTE OF FASHION. No. 10, of this highly-popular Work will contain a most attractive Portrait of a NEWLY-DISCOVERED STAR of the first magnitude at the court of Denmark, which it is predicted will come in conjunction with the BRITISH GEORGUM. The Gazette of Fashion, and Magazine of Literature and the Fine Arts, containing impartial reviews of all New Works, entirely original Papers, the Fashions, NEW MUSIC, and an Engraving, is published every Saturday Morning. Price One Shilling. Nos. I. and II., of the Monthly Magazine of Fashion, are ready for delivery. Offices, 426, Strand; and No. 1, St. James’s St.

To meet the increasing demands, the first eight numbers are re-printing, and will be ready in the ensuing week.

Advertisements.

New South Wales.

This day was published, in one thick vol. 8vo. price 16s. boards, considerably enlarged, and embellished with a view of the Town of Sydney, and a Map, Second Edition, of

A STATISTICAL, HISTORICAL, and POLITICAL DESCRIPTION of the Colony of NEW SOUTH WALES, and its dependent Settlements on Van Diemen’s Land; with a particular Enumeration of the Advantages which these Colonies offer for Emigration, and their superiority in many respects over those possessed by the United States of America. By W. C. WENTWORTH, Esq.

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TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of Y. F., Sam Spritsail, O., Labienus, Samuel, and L., shall have early insertion.

Our esteemed correspondent, S. R. J., will, we are sure, excuse us, if we decline entering on two such important subjects as ‘Early Marriages’ and ‘Long Courtships.’

The offer of our Islington friend is accepted.

The ‘Needle’ is not without point, but we must decline meddling with it.

‘Garth’ is too long for us.

In reply to N-sr-d, we must observe, that his poem was rejected on account of its want of merit, and that we cannot enter into long statements of our reasons for rejecting articles submitted to us.

Our correspondent from Newtown is informed, that to adopt his suggestion would subject to advertisement duty every work we review.

We have, it appears, provoked the anger of a would-be poet at Brixton, because we have rejected a thing sent to us, (with a most fulsome compliment,) called the ‘Self-Destroyer.’ The best way to punish the writer for his subsequent insolence, would be to ‘print it and shame the fool;’ the first verse, however, may be sufficient to confirm our decision with our readers:—

‘Mercy, he cry’d, if mercy’s in heaven,
Will plead for one, whose bosom riven
By Agony’s knife, impels him to glide,
Emmantled with gore,
Thro’ the friendly door

Suicidal eagerness opens wide.’

* * * The non-arrival of the stamped edition of our paper at Portsmouth must have happened by mistake; if any similar neglect occur, means will be taken to prevent its repetition.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications ‘for the Editor’ (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul’s Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers’ Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.